

STATE & AMBITION

A New SONG

AT THE

DUKES THEATRE



I.

State and Ambition alas will deceive ye,
 there's no solid joy but the blessing of love
 torn does of pleasure fair *Silvia* bereave ye,
 your fame is not perfect till that you remove
 monarchs that sway the vast globe in their glory,
 now love is their brightest jewel of power,
 nor *Serephons* heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
 ah! then disdain his passion no more.

I I.

we in his Throne was the victim of beauty,
 his thunder laid by he from Heaven came down
 hap'd like a Swan to fair *Leda* paid duty,
 & priz'd her far more then his heavenly crown
 he too was pleas'd with her beautiful lover,
 she stroak'd his fair plumes & feasted her eye,
 and he too in loving knew well how to move her
 by billing begins the business of joys.

I I I.

since Divine powers examples hath given,
 if we do not follow their precepts we sin,
 ere 'twill appear an affront to the Heaven,
 if when their gates open we enter not in:
 beauty my dearest was from the beginning
 ordained to cool mans amorous rage,
 and she that against this decree will be sinning,
 in Spring she will find the winter of age.

I V.

Think on the pleasure while loves in it's glory,
 let not your scorn loves great Alter disgrace,
 The time it may come when no swain will adore ye,
 or smooth the least wrinkle age lays on your face
 Then hast to enjoyment whilst love is fresh blooming
 and I in my height and vigor of day,
 Each minute we lose our pleasures consuming,
 and seven years to come, will not one past repay.

V.

Think my dear *Silvia* the Heavenly blessing,
 of loving in youth is the crown of our days,
 Short are the hours where love is possessing,
 but tedious the minutes when crost with de'ays
 Love's the soft Anvil where Natures agreeing,
 all mankind are form'd and by it they move,
 'Tis thence my dear *Silvia* and I have our being
 the Cesar and Swain spring from almighty love.

V I.

If see my dear *Silvia* at last has consented,
 that blush in your cheeks does plainly appear,
 And nought but delays shall be ever repented,
 so faithful I'll prove, and so true to my dear,
 Then *Hymen* prepare and light all thy Torches,
 perfume thy head alter and strew all the way,
 By little degrees love makes his approaches,
 but revels at night for the loss of the Day.

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